

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 157

24p



The craft was alien and huge, the crew brutal and bloodthirsty. . . and they sought out Earthmen to repair the most murderous machine of all—

WARWORLD

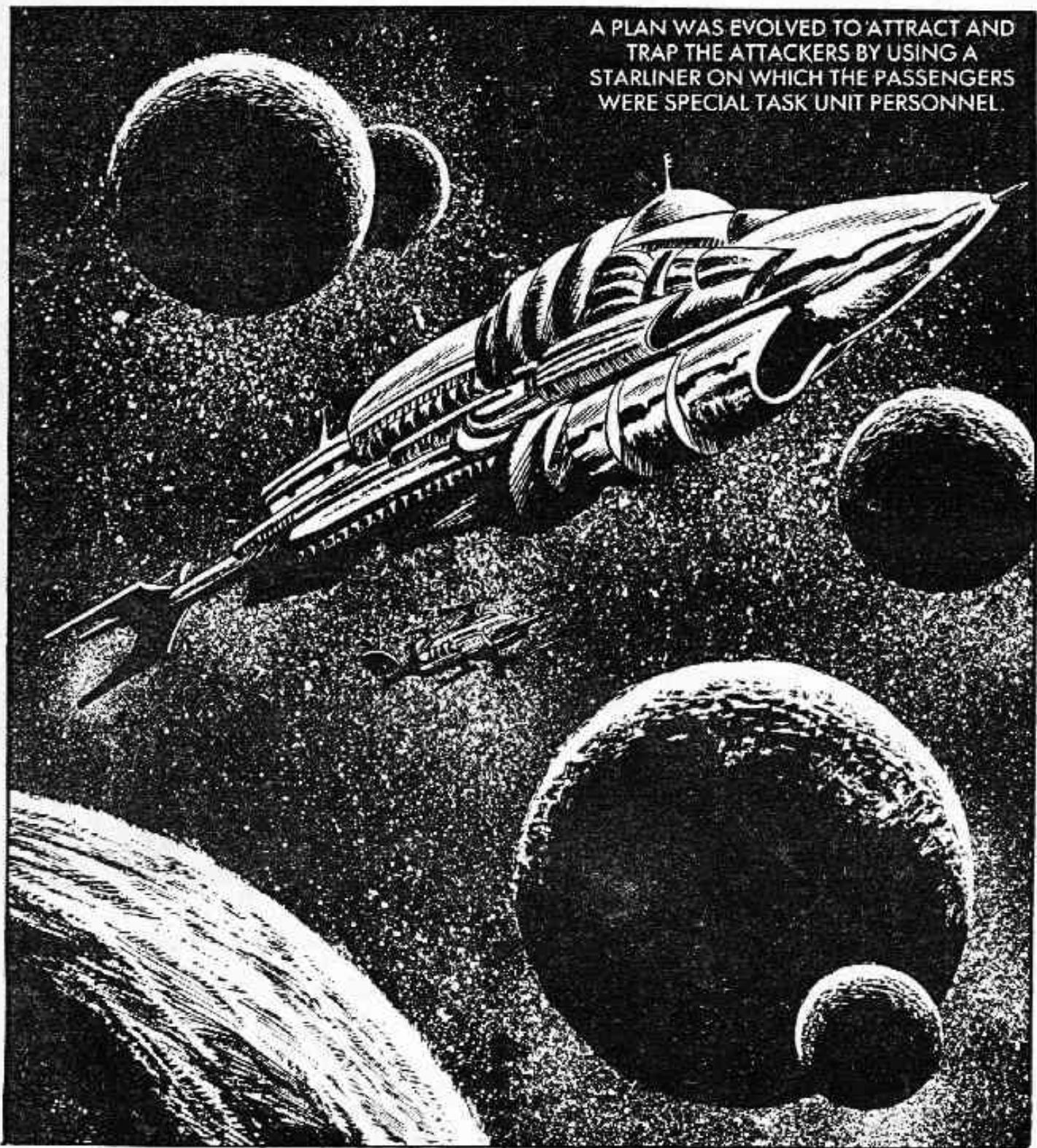
STARBLAZER

STRANGE THINGS WERE
HAPPENING IN FAR SPACE,
AND EARTH SECURITY WAS
WORRIED. FOR MONTHS
STARLINERS AND SPACE
FREIGHTERS HAD BEEN
DISAPPEARING WITHOUT
TRACE IN THE SCORPIO 8
SECTOR OUT ON THE
GALACTIC RIM. THE TOTAL
ABSENCE OF CLUES HAD
THWARTED ALL
INVESTIGATIONS. AT LAST
THE SPECIAL TASK UNIT
WAS CALLED IN. THEY
REALISED THAT ALL
ARMED SHIPS OF SPACE
FLEET WERE LEFT
UNHARMED — SO THEY
DECIDED TO USE BAIT.

Join our
Star
Club
is

INWARD

A PLAN WAS EVOLVED TO ATTRACT AND
TRAP THE ATTACKERS BY USING A
STARLINER ON WHICH THE PASSENGERS
WERE SPECIAL TASK UNIT PERSONNEL.



LEADER OF THE S.T.U. FORCE WAS MAJOR COBB, A VETERAN OF THE PSYCHIC WARS, WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE TEN YEARS EARLIER —



WHAT DO I DO
NOW, MAJOR COBB?

JUST CARRY ON AS IF THIS WERE A
NORMAL TRIP. WE DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S OUT THERE, BUT MY MEN
ARE PREPARED FOR MOST THINGS.

IF WE'RE ATTACKED, WE'LL CONTAIN
THE ATTACK UNTIL MY SHIP ARRIVES!

BUT FIFTY SPACIALS LATER COBB'S PLAN WENT BADLY WRONG WHEN THE STARLINER
SUDDENLY LOST ALL SPEED AND POWER.

JUPE!
STAND BY!



THROUGH THE PORT OF AN AIRLOCK —



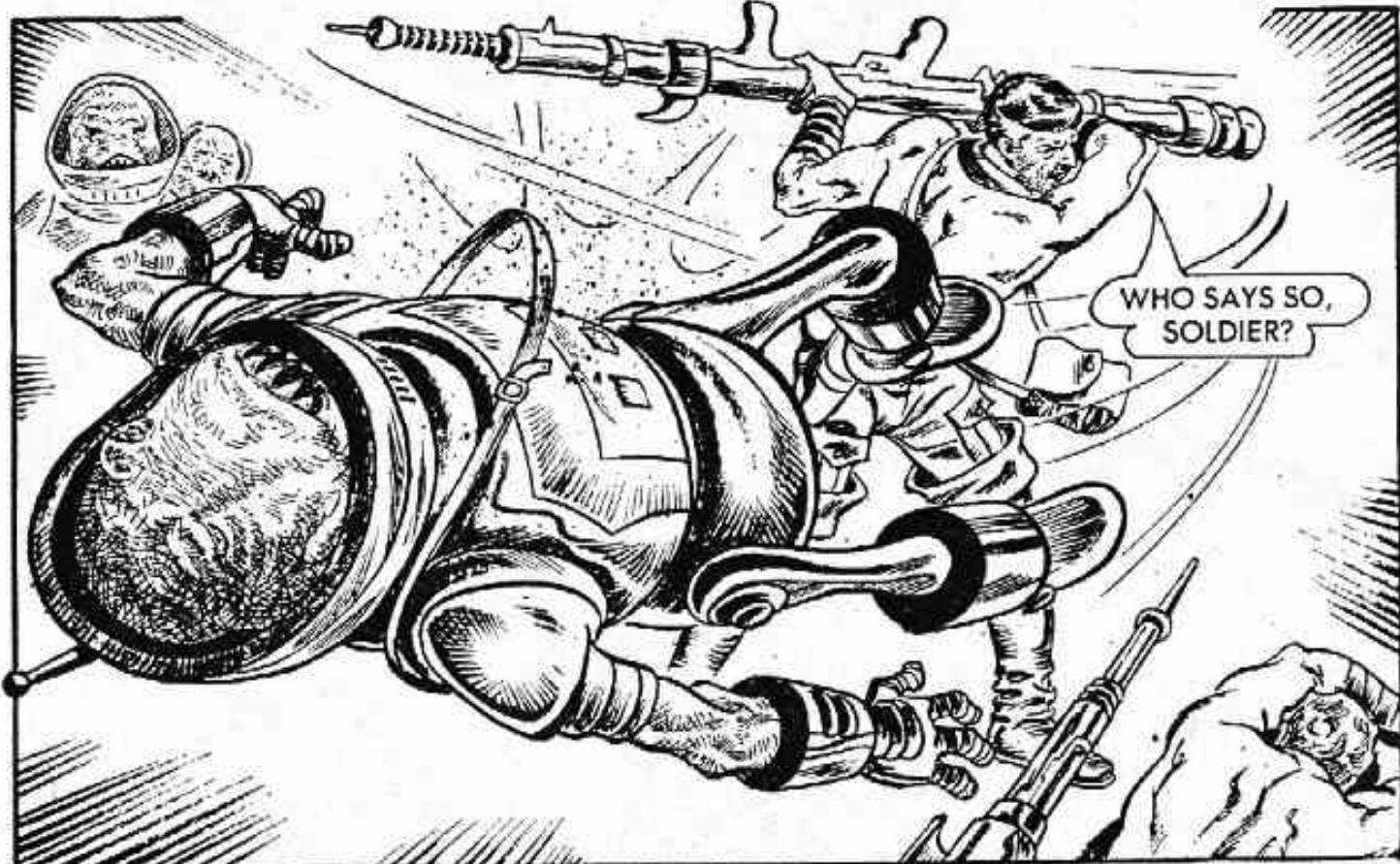
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR US. BLAST
WHATEVER COMES OUT OF THOSE.



BUT THE ALIENS DOCKING TUBES PIERCED THE BULKHEADS

LOOK AT THOSE BULKHEADS CRUMBLING.
TURN THOSE PHAZOOKAS ROUND!





ALTHOUGH THEIR PHASERS WOULDN'T WORK, COBB'S DISTRESS FLARE CAUSED HAVOC —





THE TASK MEN USED THEIR OWN SPECIAL KEY TO OPEN THE INNER DOOR —



KEEP SHOOTING! KEEP THEM CONFUSED!
HEAD FOR THE CONTROL ROOM! IT'S
SOMEWHERE UP AHEAD. TAKE THAT AND
WE TAKE CONTROL!

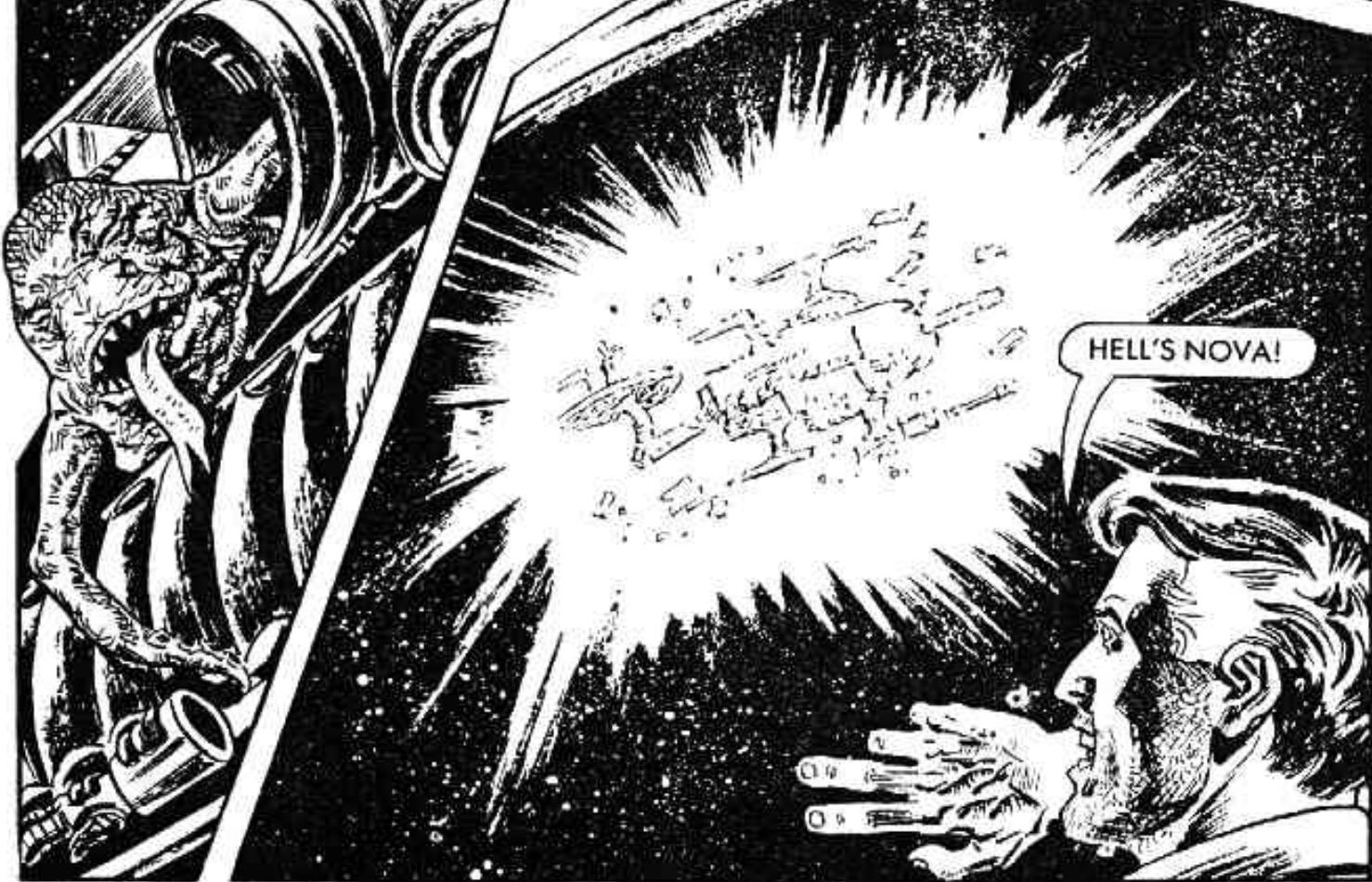


WITH MOST OF THE ALIEN TROOPERS STILL ON BOARD THE STARLINER, COBB'S MEN CARVED A ROUTE THROUGH THE SHIP.

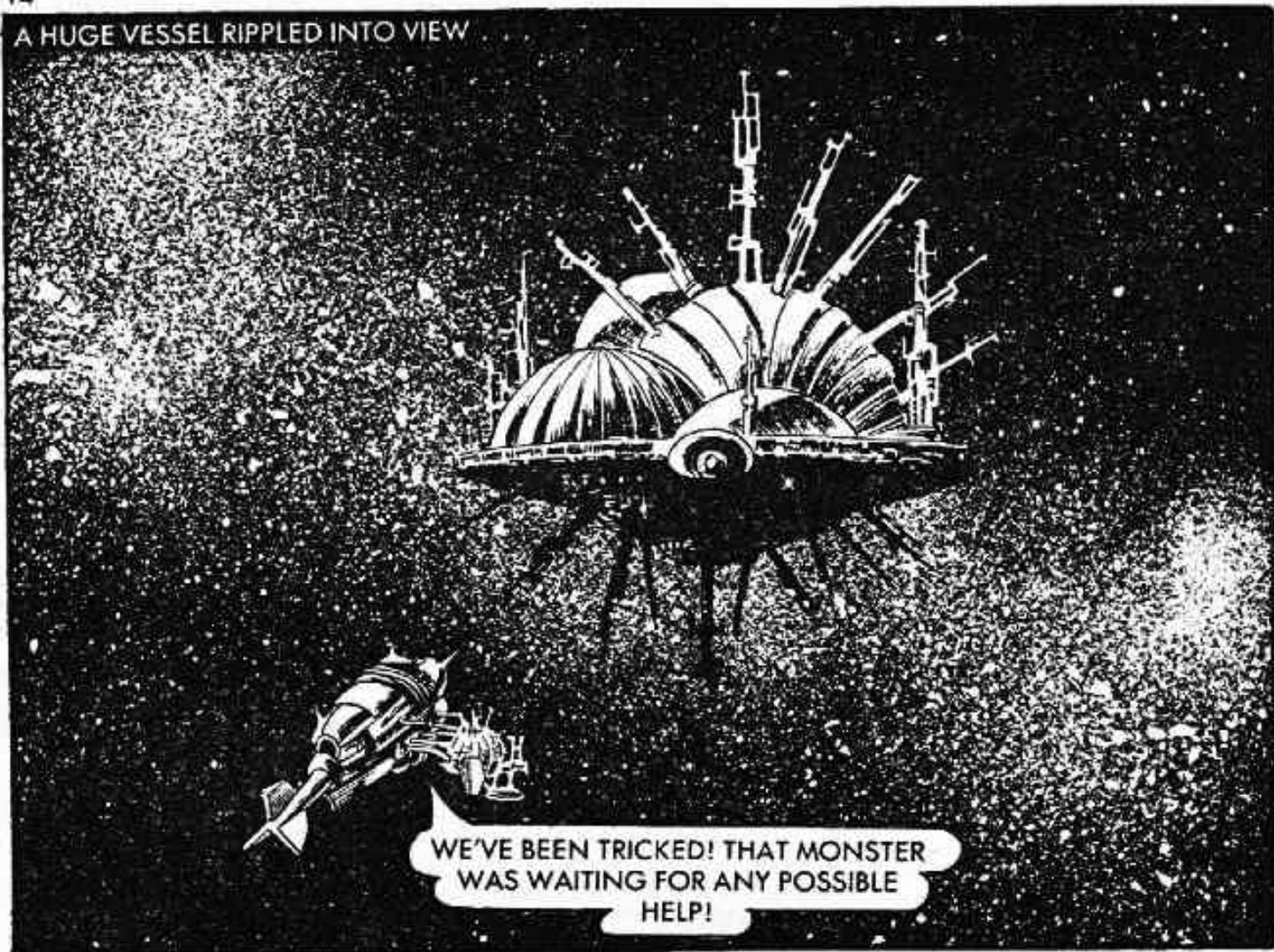


THE NOW SUPERIOR FIRE-POWER OF THE S.T.U. WON THEM CONTROL OF THE ALIEN SHIP.

ON SCREEN WAS THE ESCORT SHIP



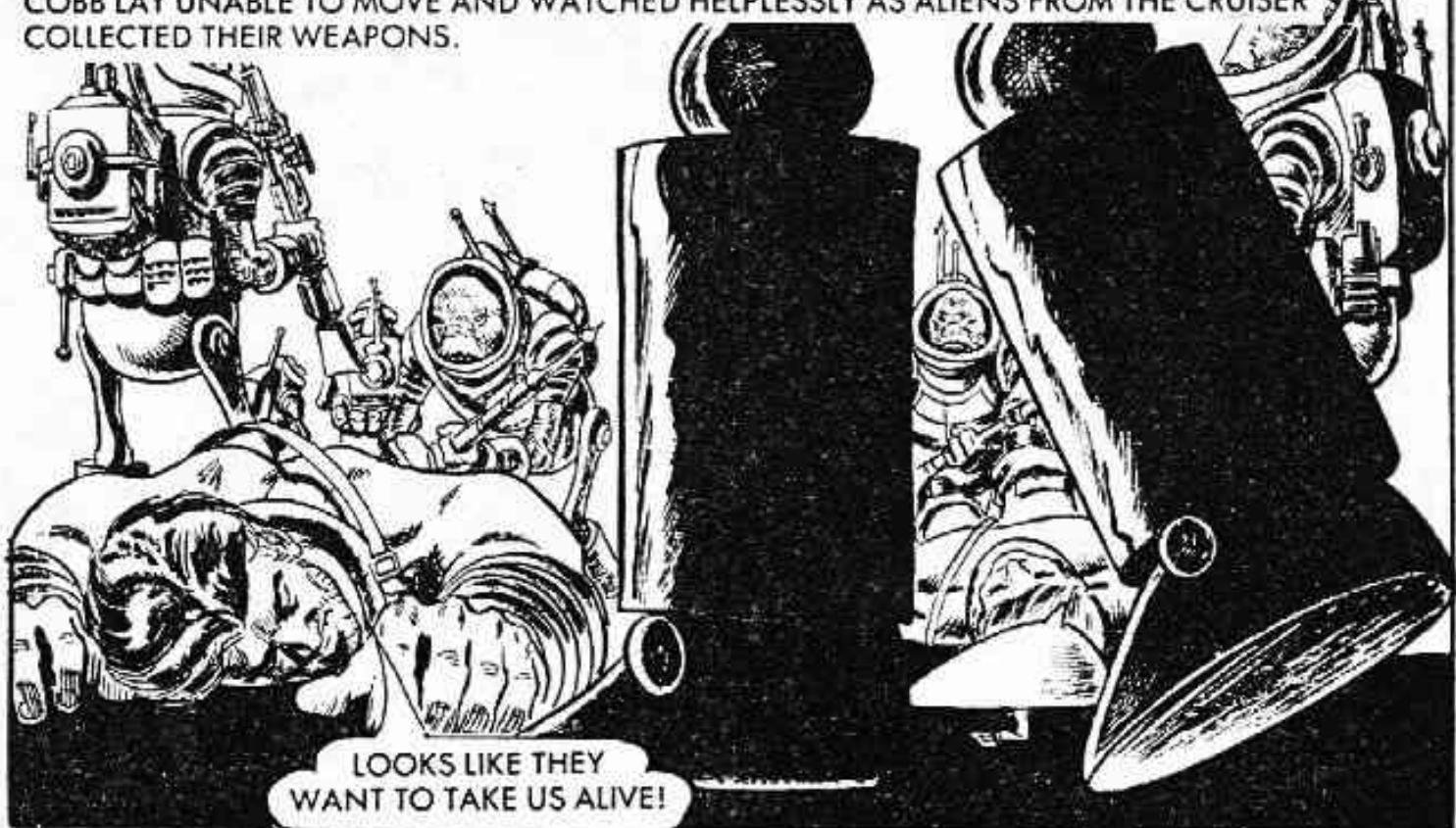
A HUGE VESSEL RIPPLED INTO VIEW...



A BEAM OF VIBRATING LIGHT LANDED OUT FROM THE LARGE ALIEN CRUISER.



COBB LAY UNABLE TO MOVE AND WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS ALIENS FROM THE CRUISER COLLECTED THEIR WEAPONS.



ONE BY ONE THE
MEN RECOVERED—

THESE ARE INJURED TOO BADLY
TO BE OF USE!

THEN KILL THEM!



THE ALIEN SPOKE INTO A SMALL VOICE TRANSLATOR.

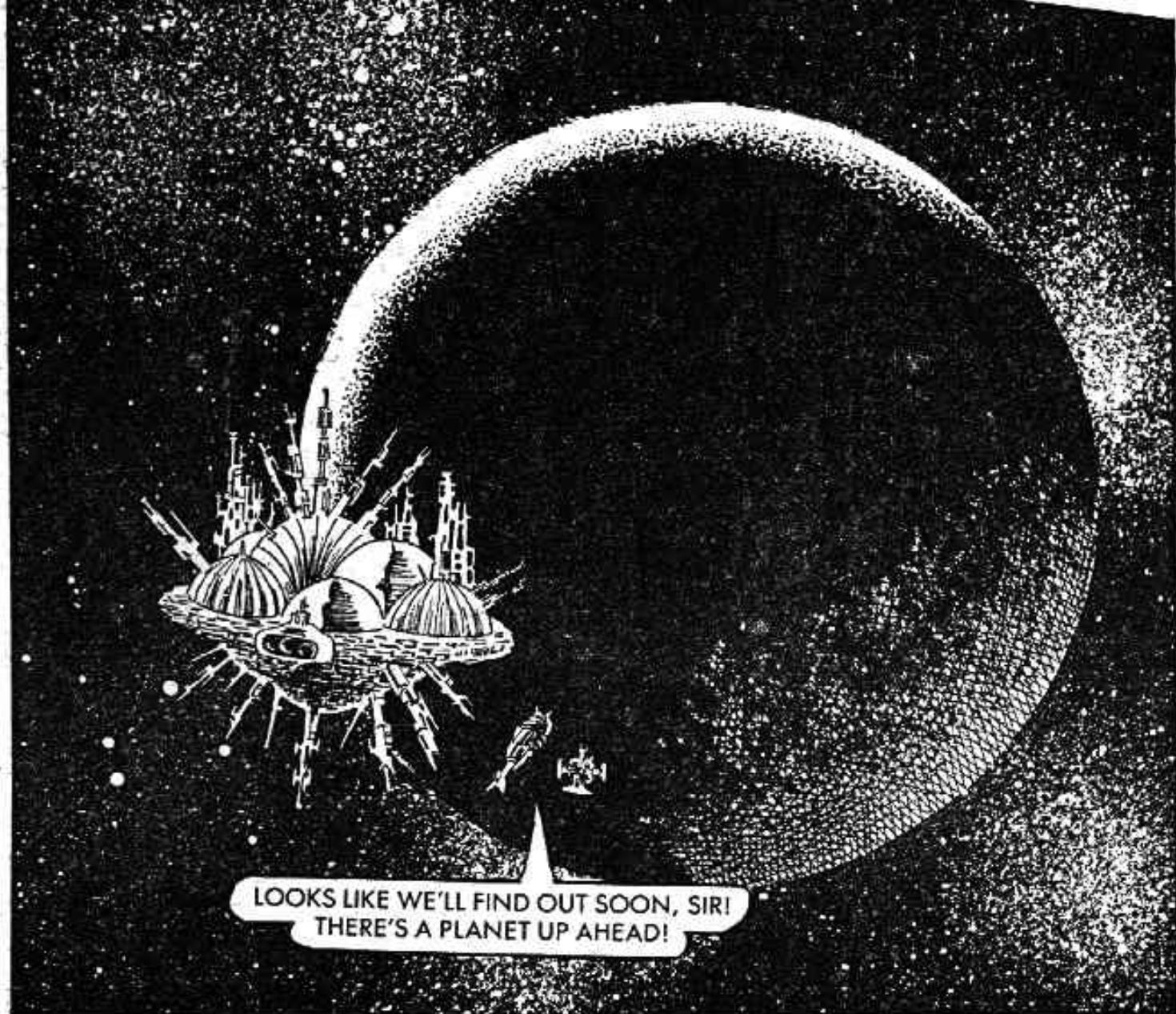
I DEMAND TOTAL OBEDIENCE. THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING. IF ANYONE MOVES OUT OF LINE OR SPEAKS — THEN HE WILL DIE!

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?

YOU WERE WARNED, FOOL!

ARRGH!

STEADY, MEN, THESE HELL-LICE WILL MASSACRE THE LOT OF US! STAY COOL, STAY ALIVE!



THE CRUISER LEFT AND THEY CAME IN TO TOUCH DOWN BY A HUGE, IMMOBILISED CRAFT—



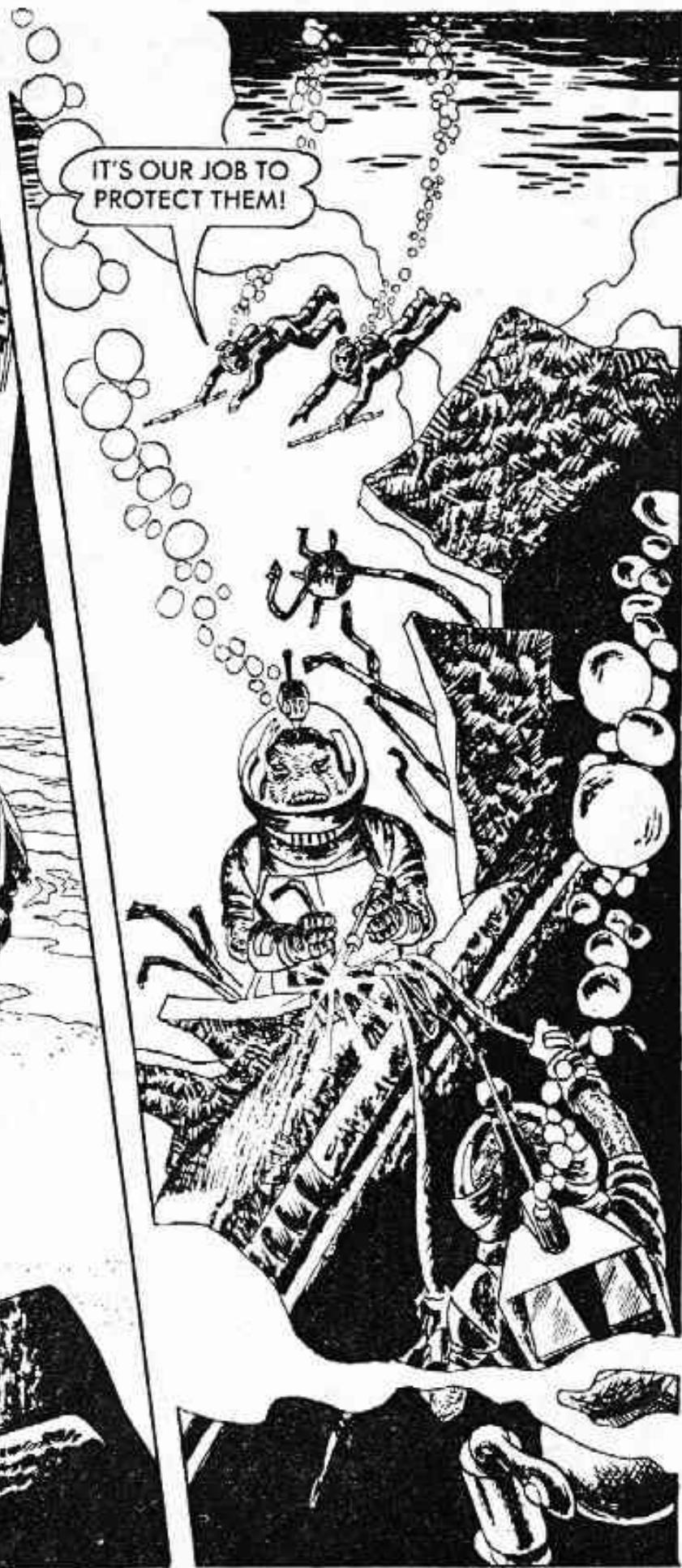




UNFORTUNATELY FOR THEM THEY COLLIDED WITH A COMET. IT'S WRECKED HALF THE SHIP AND KILLED MOST OF THE VALK. THEY HAD TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY LANDING HERE, BUT NOW ALL THEIR SERVICABLE CRUISERS CAN'T GET OUT BECAUSE THEY'RE BELOW WATER LEVEL.

SO THEY'VE BEEN HI-JACKING EARTH SHIPS TO PROVIDE LABOUR?

AND SPARE PARTS! THE ENGINES ARE UNDER WATER AND IN A BAD SHAPE. THEY NEED THEM SO THEY CAN STRAIGHTEN THE WARWORLD AND RELEASE THEIR CRUISERS. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN! THEY'RE IN NEED OF PROFESSIONAL FIGHTERS!







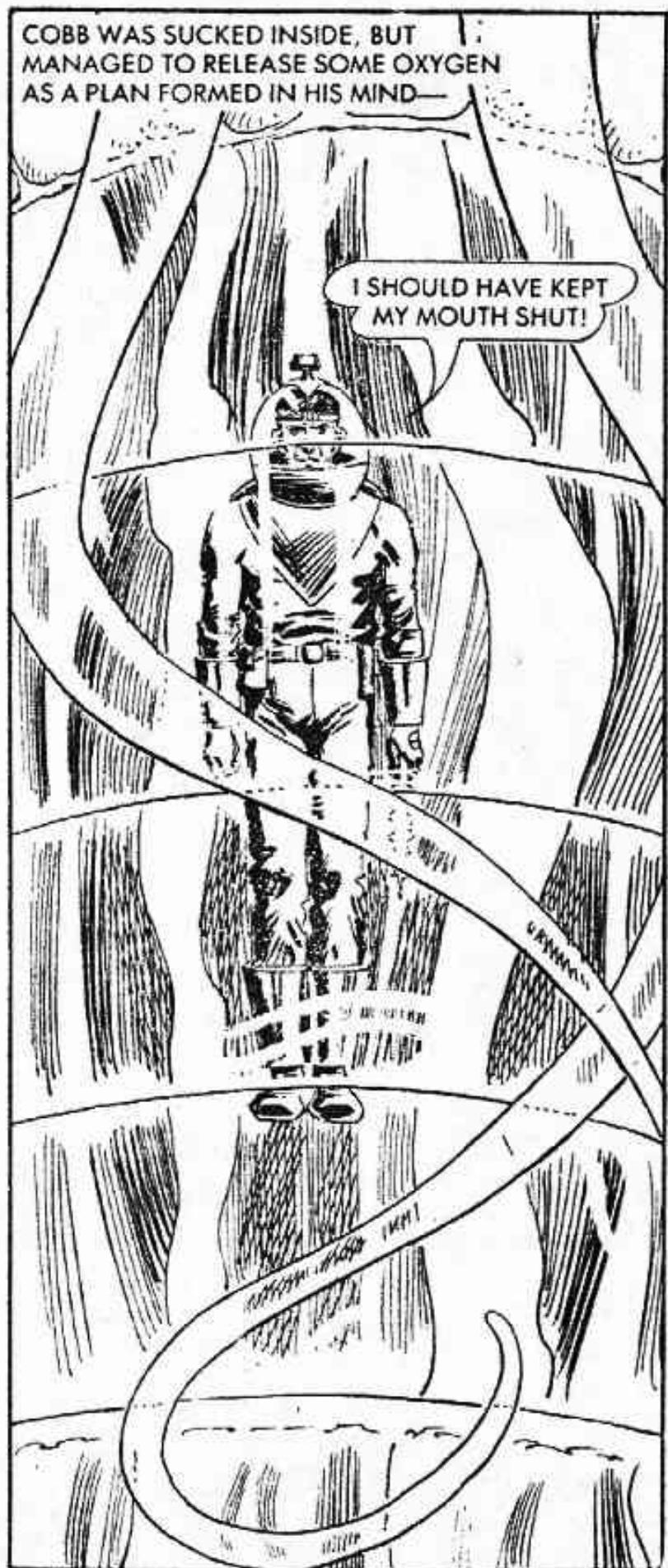
THEY HAD TO GET CLOSE TO THE JELLYFISH, BUT COBB GOT TOO CLOSE—

LOOK OUT, MAJOR.

LET GO,
YOU BRUTE!

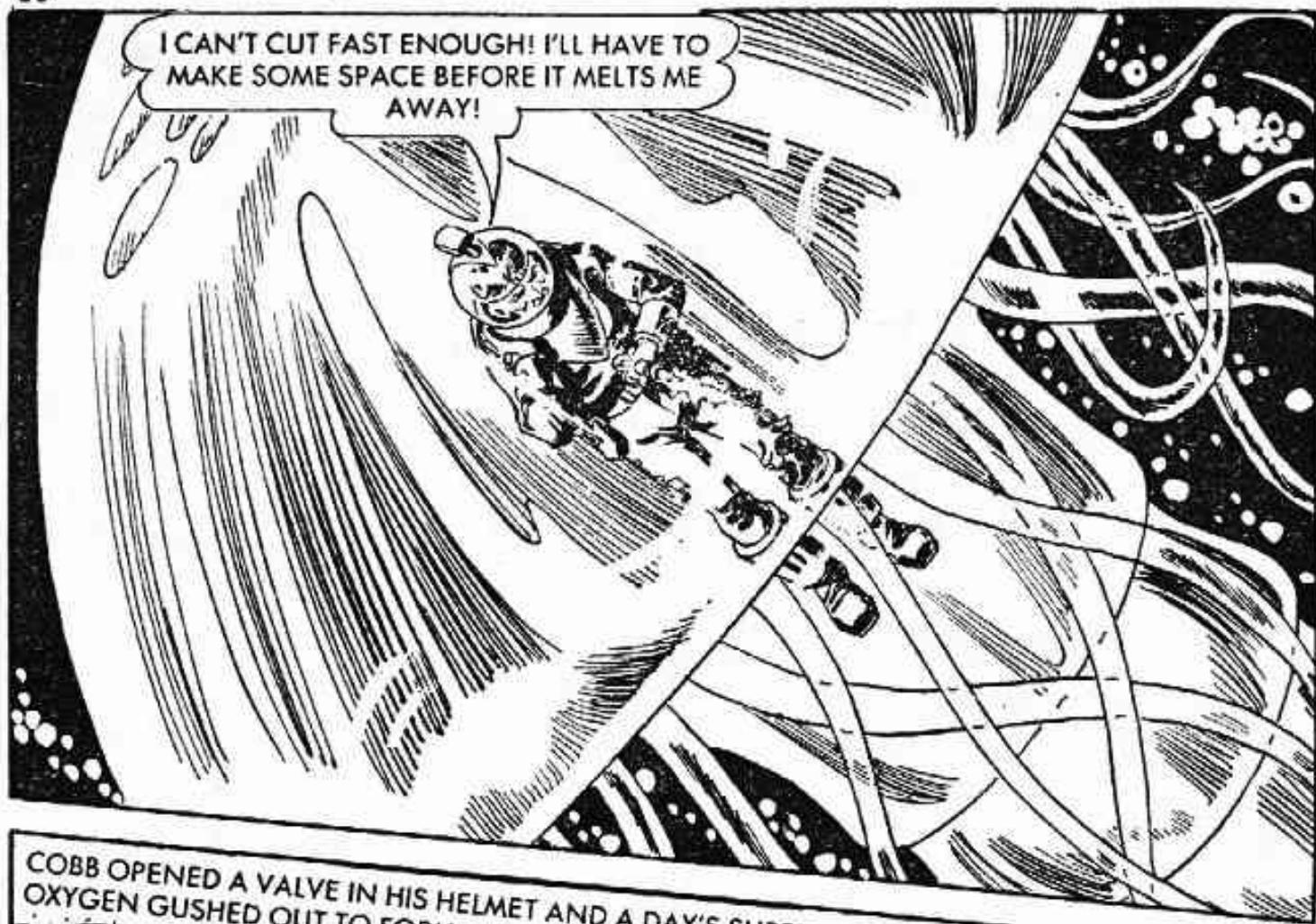
HE WAS RIGHT! THE BLASTS
GO STRAIGHT THROUGH!

HAVE TO USE MY
LASER KNIFE!



AS THE OXYGEN EXPANDED IT PULLED THE JELLYFISH TOWARDS THE SURFACE AT INCREASING SPEED.





... AND EXPLODED LIKE AN OVER-INFLATED BALLOON!



YOU OKAY, COBB?

I GUESS SO! AND YOU GOT THE JELLYFISH OUT OF HARM'S WAY!







IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT INSIDE!

WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM!

LOOK OUT—IT'S AN AMBUSH!









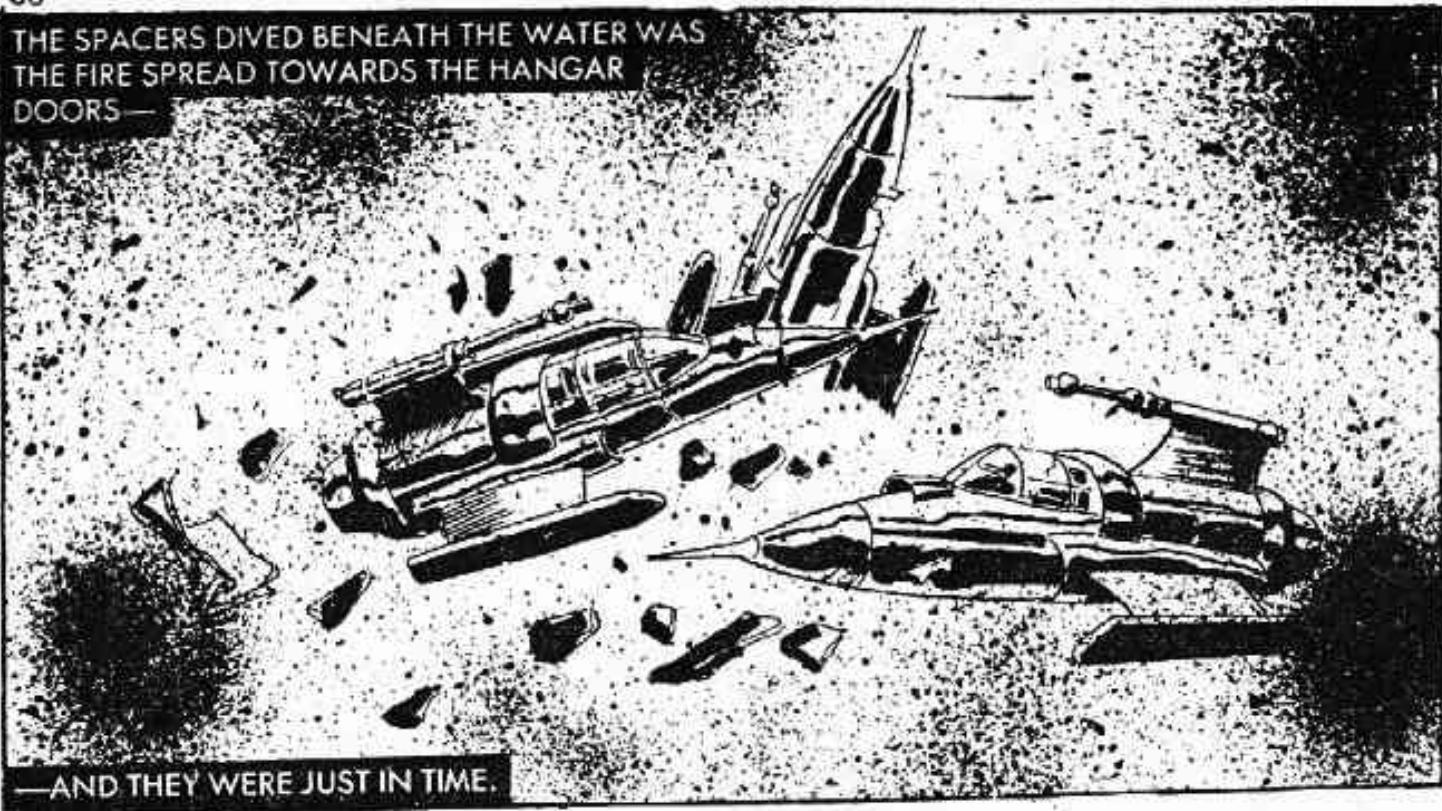
ARRGH!

THE EXPLOSIVE BURST OF FIRE INCINERATED A FIGHTER



THE ENGINES HAVE FIRED!
GET UNDERWATER—QUICK!

THE SPACERS DIVED BENEATH THE WATER WAS
THE FIRE SPREAD TOWARDS THE HANGAR
DOORS —



—AND THEY WERE JUST IN TIME.

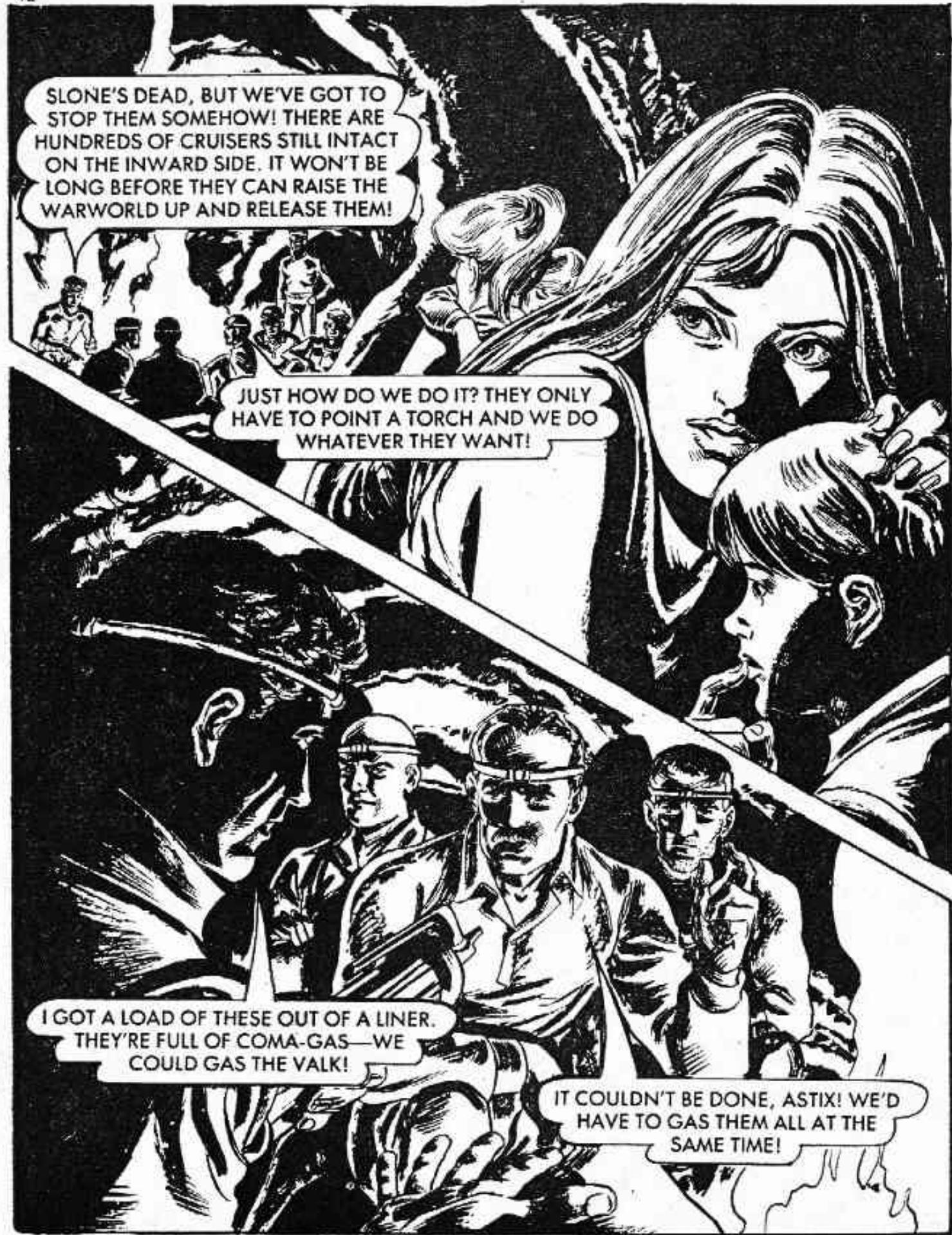






THE FATAL SIGNAL WAS BEAMED,
AND THE CRAFT RETURNED—





COMA-GAS INDUCED A DEEP SLEEP SO THAT SPACE TRAVELLERS COULD SURVIVE BRIEF OXYGEN FAILURES.

WE COULD GAS OURSELVES! IF THE RINGS KILL BY INTENSE PAIN, THEN ANYONE UNDER COMA-GAS WOULDN'T FEEL A THING FROM THE DISCS!

THE AUTO PILOT WOULD HAVE TO BE KNOCKED OUT, BUT I'LL MANAGE THAT. BY THE TIME I WAKE UP, I SHOULD BE WITHIN SENSOR RANGE OF THE EARTH FLEET.

I GET IT! YOU STEAL THE FIGHTER, LOCK THE CONTROLS AND SNIFF GAS BEFORE THE VALK CAN KILL YOU!

NEXT DAY, COBB MADE A BREAK IN THE FIGHTER—

THE FOOLS DON'T LEARN!
KILL THIS ONE NOW!

ON BOARD THE STOLEN CRAFT—



AT VALK CONTROL—



HOURS LATER COBB RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS.

LOOKS AS IF I'M ALIVE. NOW LET'S SEE ABOUT FINDING SOME FRIENDS!



HE TRACKED DOWN AND HOMED IN ON THE SEARCHING EARTH FLEET.

MAJOR COBB, SPECIAL TASK UNIT 8, REQUESTING PERMISSION TO COME ABOARD!

YOU'VE GOT IT, SOLDIER!



COBB TOLD HIS STORY AND THEN HAD HIS SLAVE DISC SURGICALLY REMOVED.



COBB'S INFORMATION WAS FED BACK TO EARTH—

I'VE JUST RECEIVED A TOTAL PRIORITY ORDER FROM EARTH TO GO IN AND ATOMISE THE WARWORLD.

SIR, I'D LIKE TO GO BACK TO THE WARWORLD IN THE FIGHTER FIRST. THERE ARE SCORES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN HELD HOSTAGE IN THE CAVES. I THINK I COULD GET THEM TO SAFETY BEFORE YOU BLASTED THE WARWORLD!

WE CAN'T RISK THAT VALK FLEET GETTING CLEAR.
YOU'VE GOT SIX HOURS THEN I'M COMING IN.



I UNDERSTAND THAT, SIR. I'LL WILLINGLY
TAKE THE RISK OF DYING WITH THEM!



COBB REPAIRED THE AUTOPILOT
AND AGAIN BREATHED COMA-
GAS . . .

THE FIGHTER IS
RETURNING!

THE FAULT MUST HAVE CLEARED
ITSELF. PREPARE TO EXAMINE THE
BODY!

THE CRAFT LANDED—



BUT COBB QUICKLY REVIVED TO THE AMAZEMENT OF HIS FRIENDS.



COBB SEARCHED UNTIL HE FOUND A VALK OFFICER BY HIMSELF.



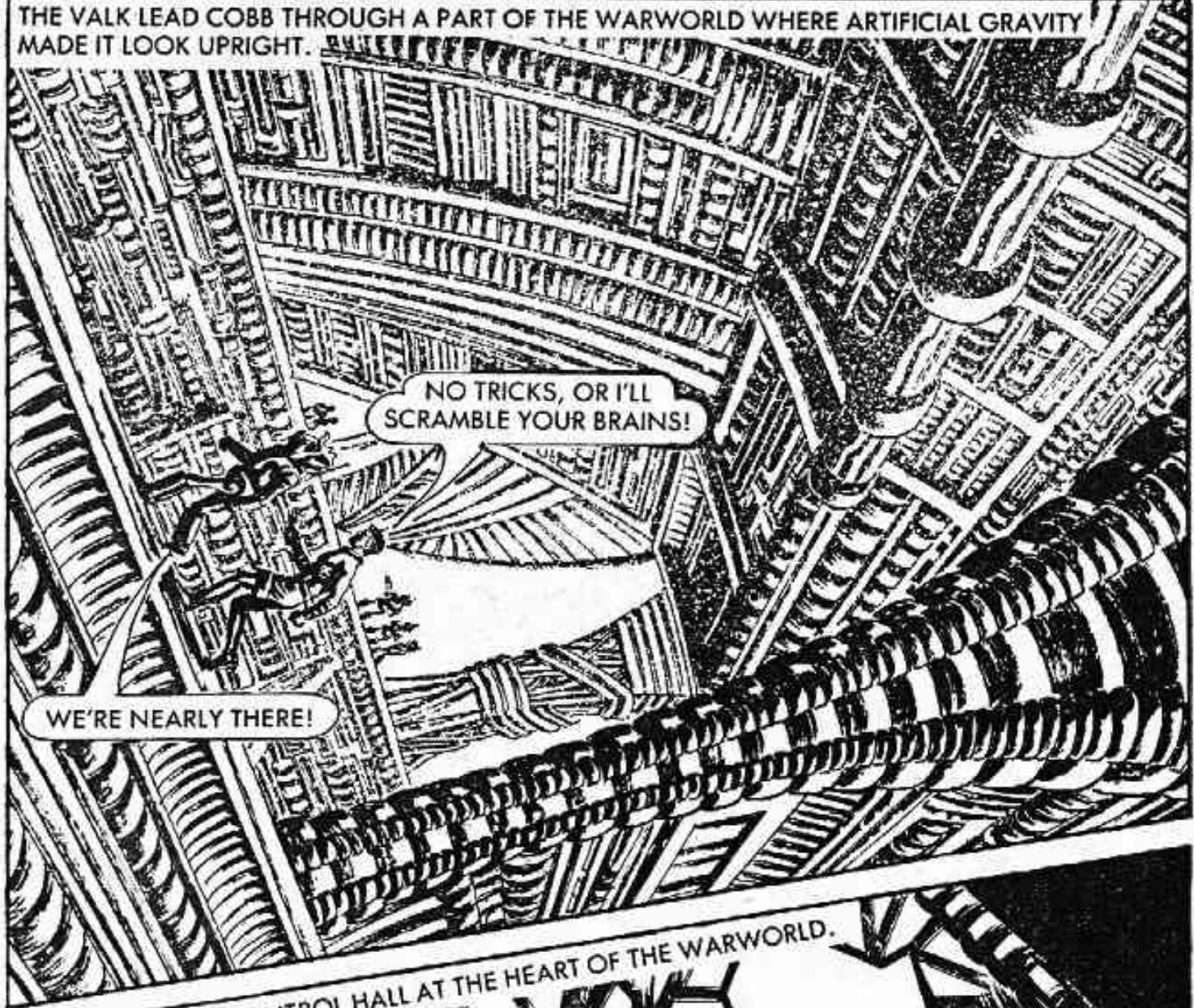
WHEN THE VALK RECOVERED THERE WAS A DISC ON HIS HEAD—

I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO THE
TRANSMITTER THAT OPERATES THESE
DISCS. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS
WHEN I POINT THIS AT YOU, DON'T YOU?

YES, YES!
I'LL TAKE YOU!



THE VALK LEAD COBB THROUGH A PART OF THE WARWORLD WHERE ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY MADE IT LOOK UPRIGHT.



NO TRICKS, OR I'LL SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAINS!

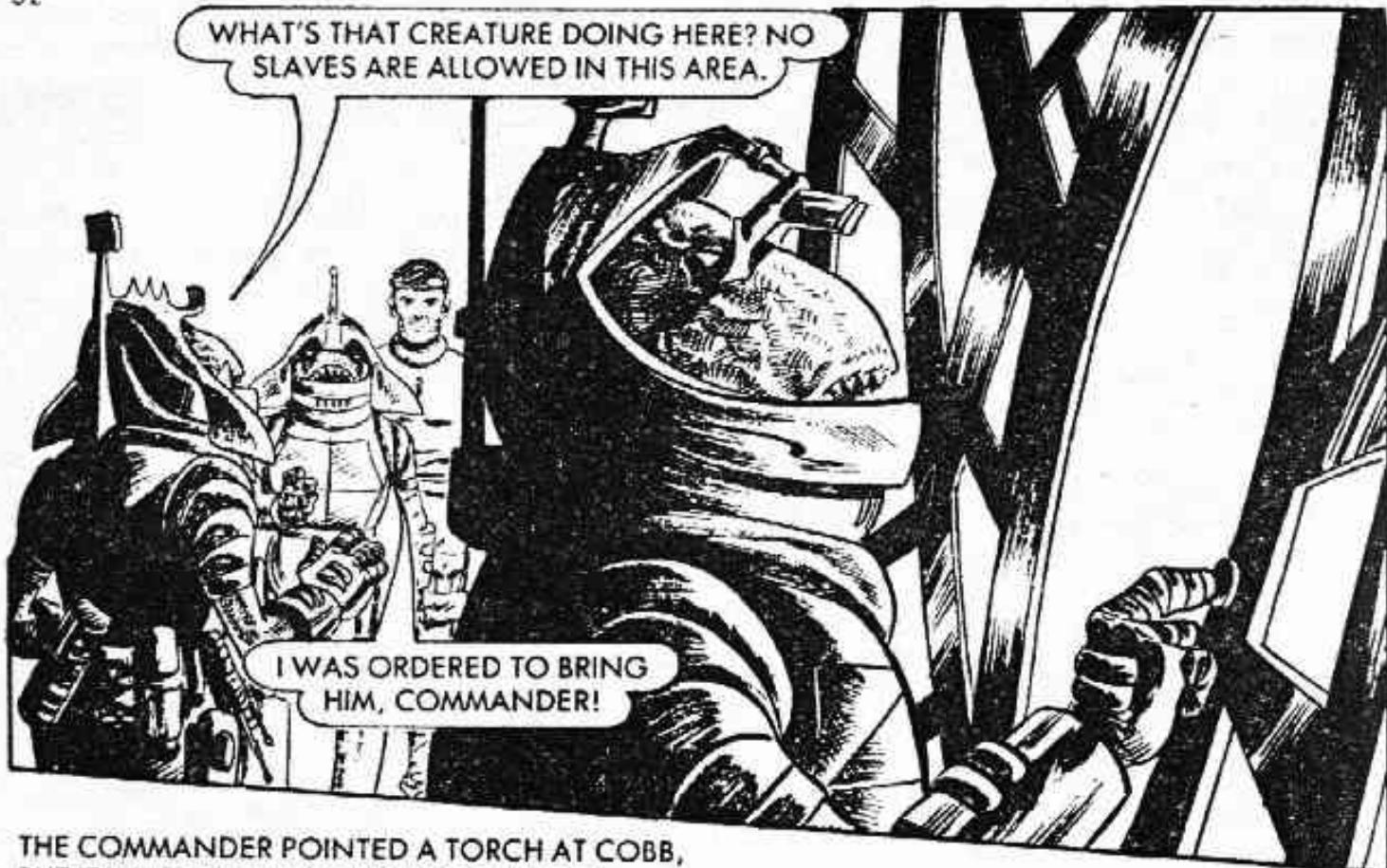
WE'RE NEARLY THERE!

THEY ENTERED A CONTROL HALL AT THE HEART OF THE WARWORLD.



THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE AFTER!

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, VERMIN!



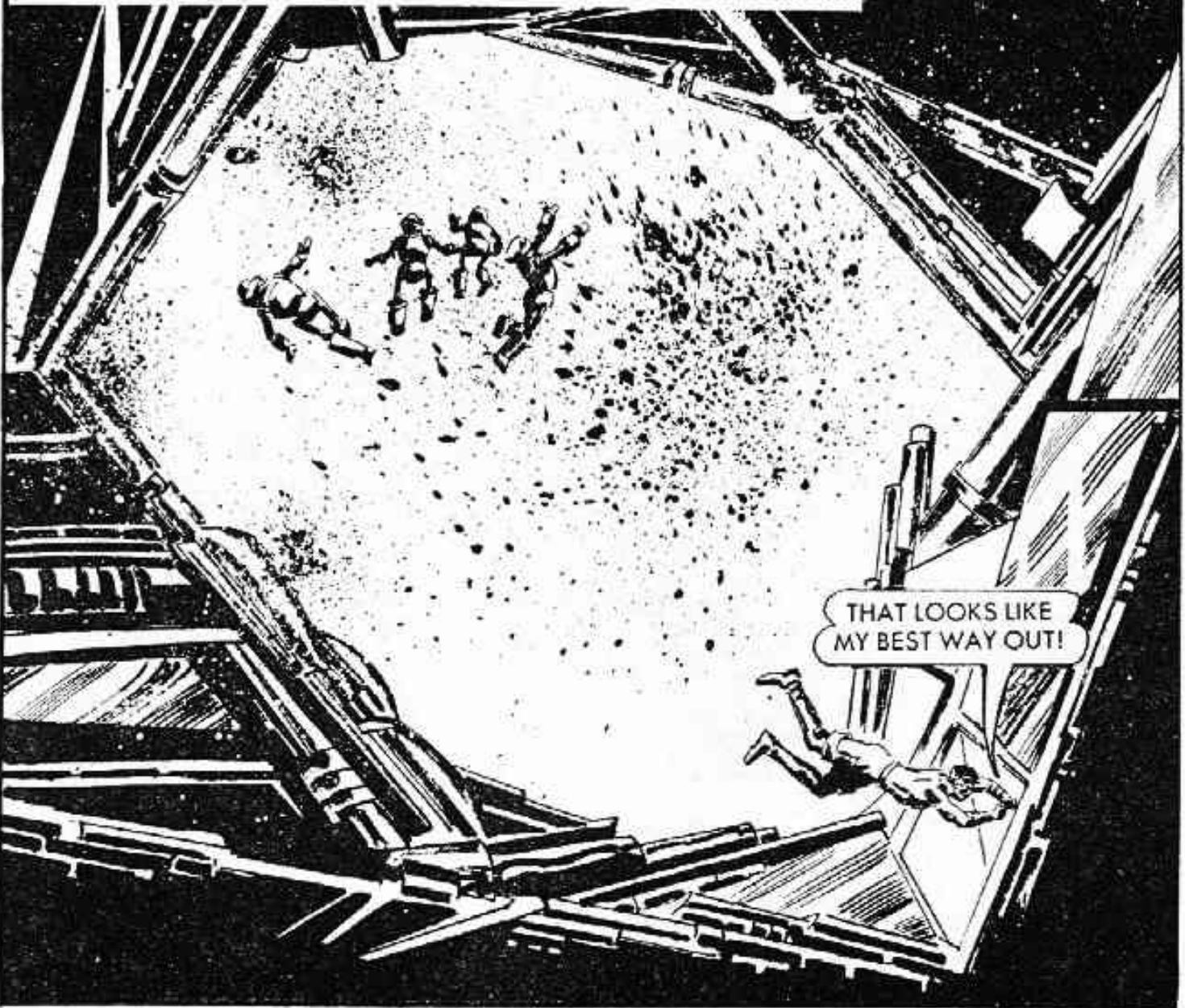
THE COMMANDER POINTED A TORCH AT COBB,
BUT IT WAS THE VALK WHO SCREAMED IN
AGONY—



BEFORE THE VALK COULD REACT, COBB HAD HURLED A HAND-BOMB AT THE DISC TRANSMITTER—



AS THE BOMB EXPLODED, COBB DIVED TOWARDS A DISPOSAL CHUTE.



I MIGHT AS WELL HOLE UP FOR A WHILE!
ALL HELL'S GOING TO BREAK LOOSE!

DISCOVERING THEY WERE FREE OF
THE DISCS' POWER, THE EARTHMEN
SOUGHT VENGEANCE



SHOOT THE STINKING
GROKKARDS!

YOU AIN'T GONNA
TORTURE AGAIN!

EVERWHERE, THEY BATTLED THEIR WAY OUT OF THE WARWORLD. THE OUTNUMBERED VALK
REELED IN CONFUSION.



WITHDRAW TO THE
MOUNTAIN CAVES!

THE LONG RANGE SENSORS ARE
PICKING UP A FLEET OF SHIPS!

THEY CAN'T BE OUR INVASION ARMY —
THEY'RE COMING FROM THE WRONG
DIRECTION!

IF THEY DESTROY US HERE OUR ARMY WILL BE COMPLETELY DEFENCELESS WHEN IT ARRIVES!

TWO OF THE WARWORLD'S ENGINES ARE IN A WORKING STATUS. THEY CAN PROVIDE JUST ENOUGH POWER FOR US TO REACH PLANETARY ORBIT WHERE WE CAN LAUNCH OUR CRUISERS.

COBB HAD HEARD THE VALK—

OUR WARSHIPS WILL HAVE NO CHANCE AGAINST THOSE CRUISERS! I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND STOP THEM!

SOMEONE ELSE HAS GOT IDEAS ABOUT TAKING A FIGHTER!

COBB SLID DOWN THE CHUTE UNTIL HE SPOTTED A WRECKED FIGHTER HANGAR.



SORRY, SCUM, BUT
THIS ONE'S MINE!



NOW I WAIT FOR THE WARWORLD TO
LIFT-OFF! THERE'S A MOUNTAIN ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THAT EXIT DOOR!

THE AIR SCREAMED AND THE SEA BOILED AS THE GREAT VESSEL FIRED ITS ENGINES AND STRUGGLED UPRIGHT.

IT'S WORKING!



FOOT BY FOOT THE WARWORLD PULLED ITSELF INTO THE SKY—



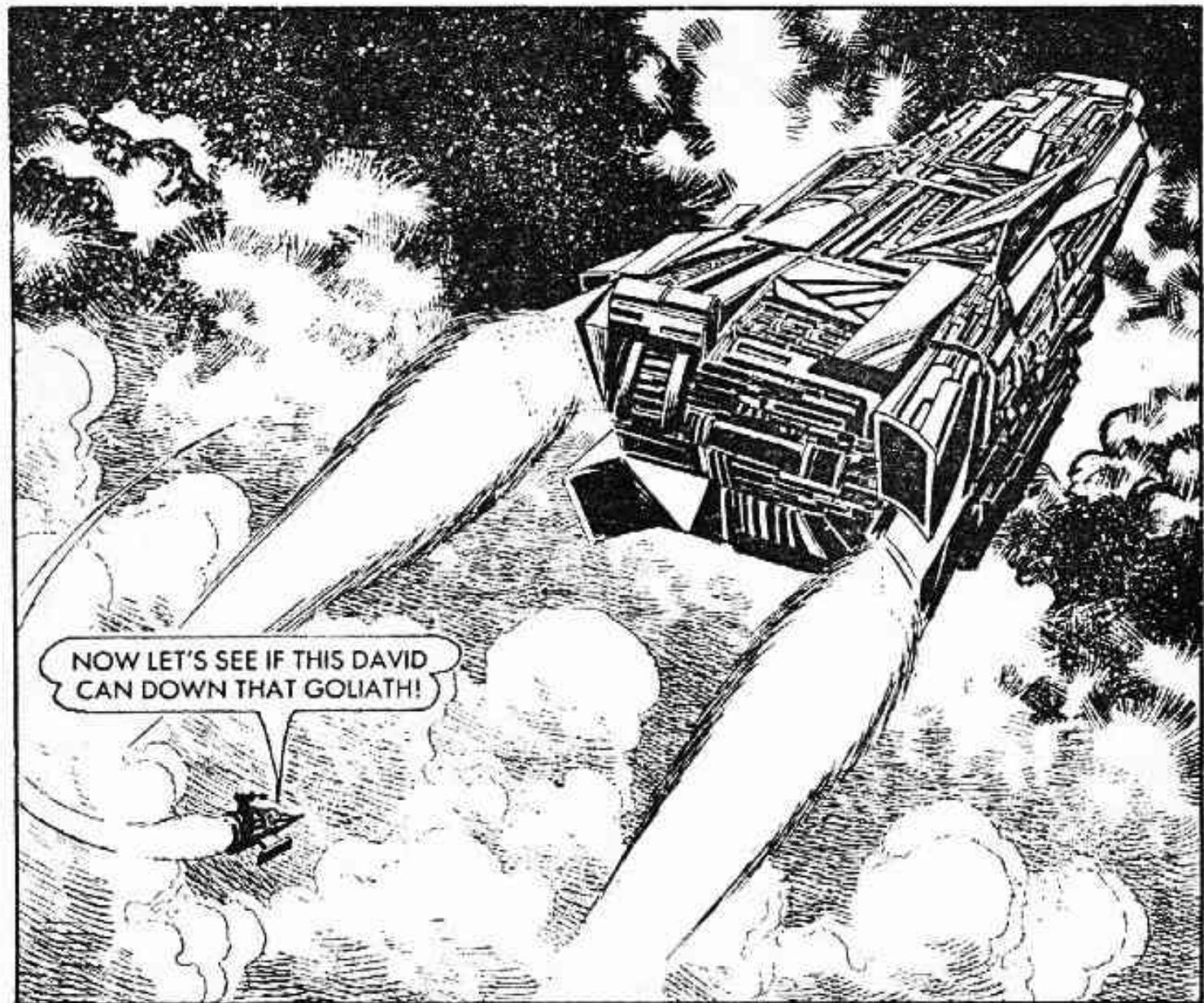
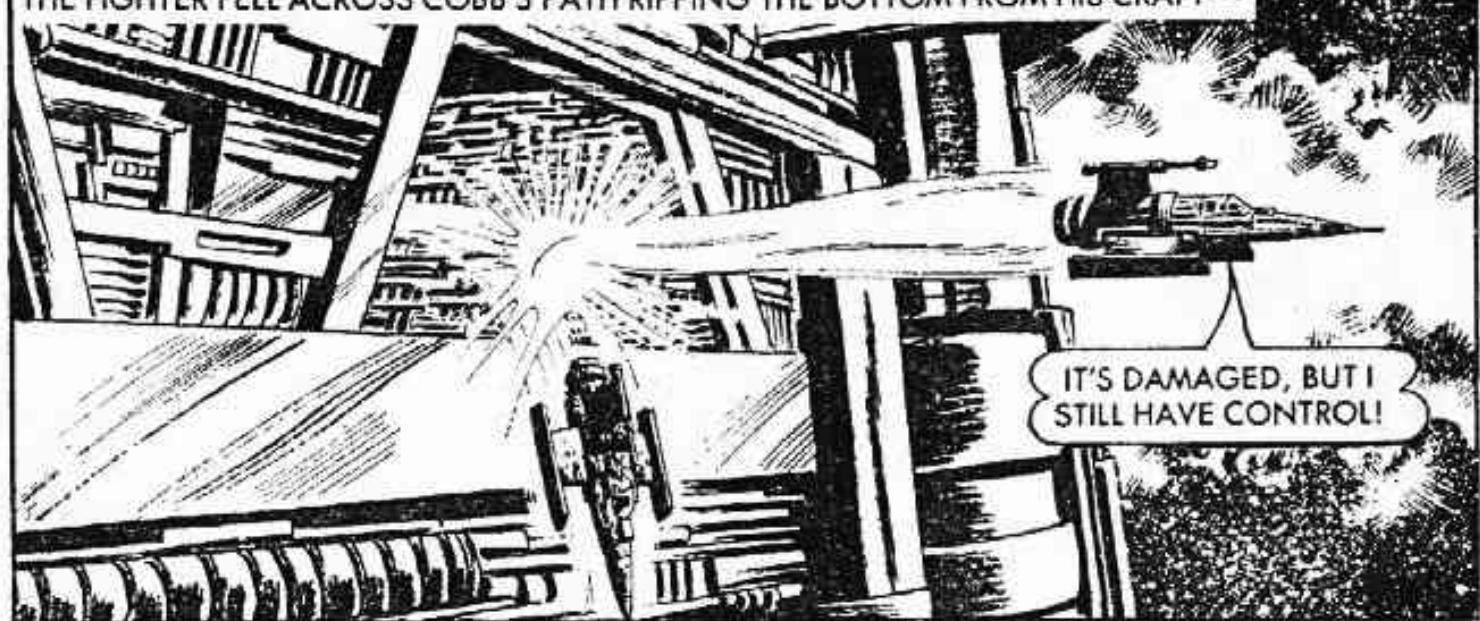
THEY'RE SUCCEEDING! NOTHING
CAN STOP THEM NOW! WE'VE FAILED!



BUT COBB WAS WAITING FOR A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT—

THERE'S DAYLIGHT! TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE!
HELL'S FANGS! THAT FIGHTER'S FAILING!

THE FIGHTER FELL ACROSS COBB'S PATH RIPPING THE BOTTOM FROM HIS CRAFT---



NOTHING'S HAPPENING! THE GUNS ARE USELESS. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING I CAN DO!

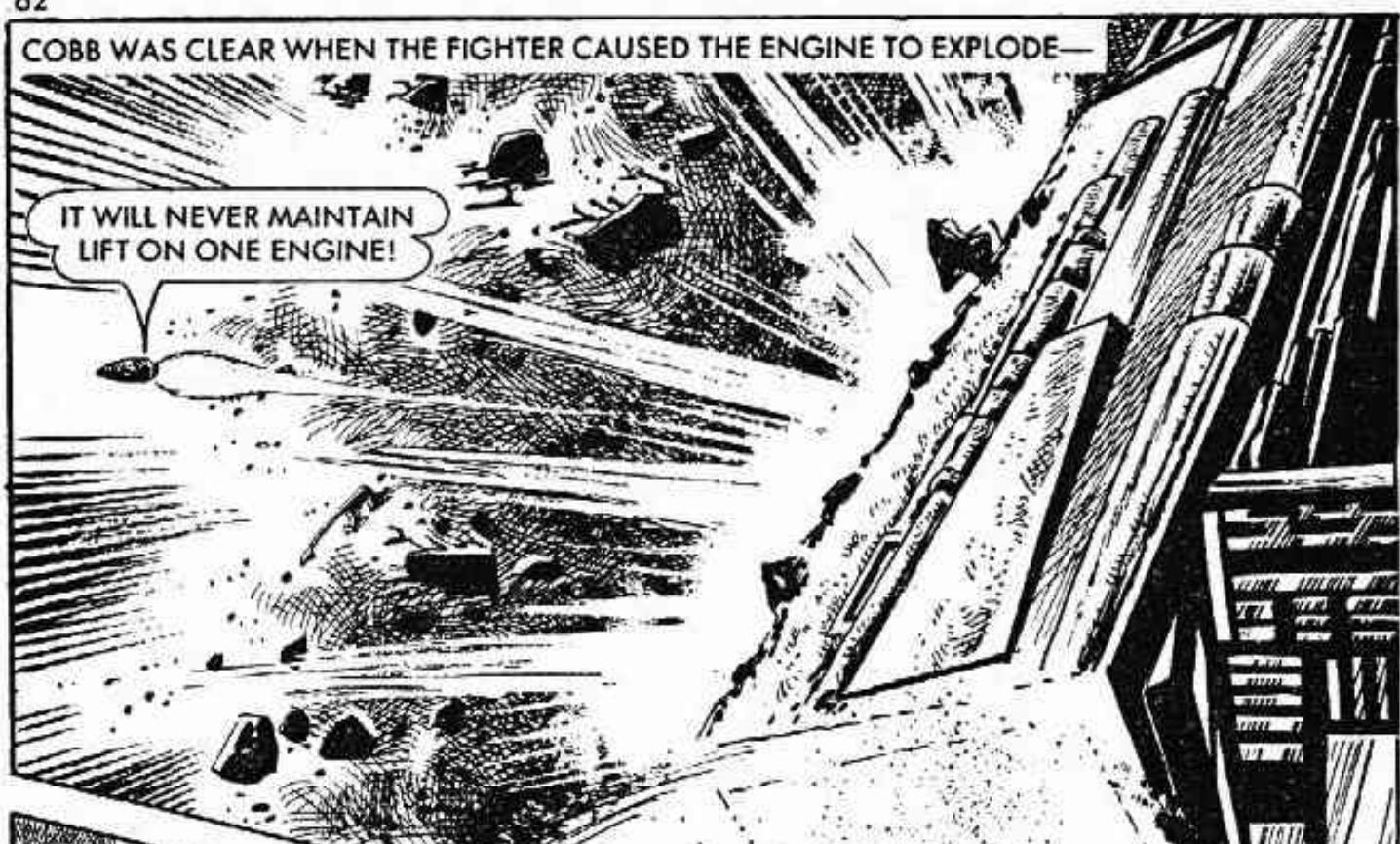
COBB DROVE THE FIGHTER STRAIGHT UP AND INTO THE WARWORLD'S NUMBER TWO ENGINE THRUST—



AT THE LAST MOMENT, COBB EJECTED IN THE ESCAPE POD. THE TREMENDOUS THRUST OF THE GREAT ENGINE BLASTED HIM BACKWARDS AND OUT—

COBB WAS CLEAR WHEN THE FIGHTER CAUSED THE ENGINE TO EXPLODE—

IT WILL NEVER MAINTAIN
LIFT ON ONE ENGINE!



WE'RE FALLING BACK! WE'RE
DOOMED! LAUNCH THE CRUISERS!



THE WARWORLD CRASHED INTO THE SEA—

THE VALK KNOW HOW
TO MAKE A BIG SPLASH!

IT SANK SLOWLY INTO THE OCEAN DEPTHS.



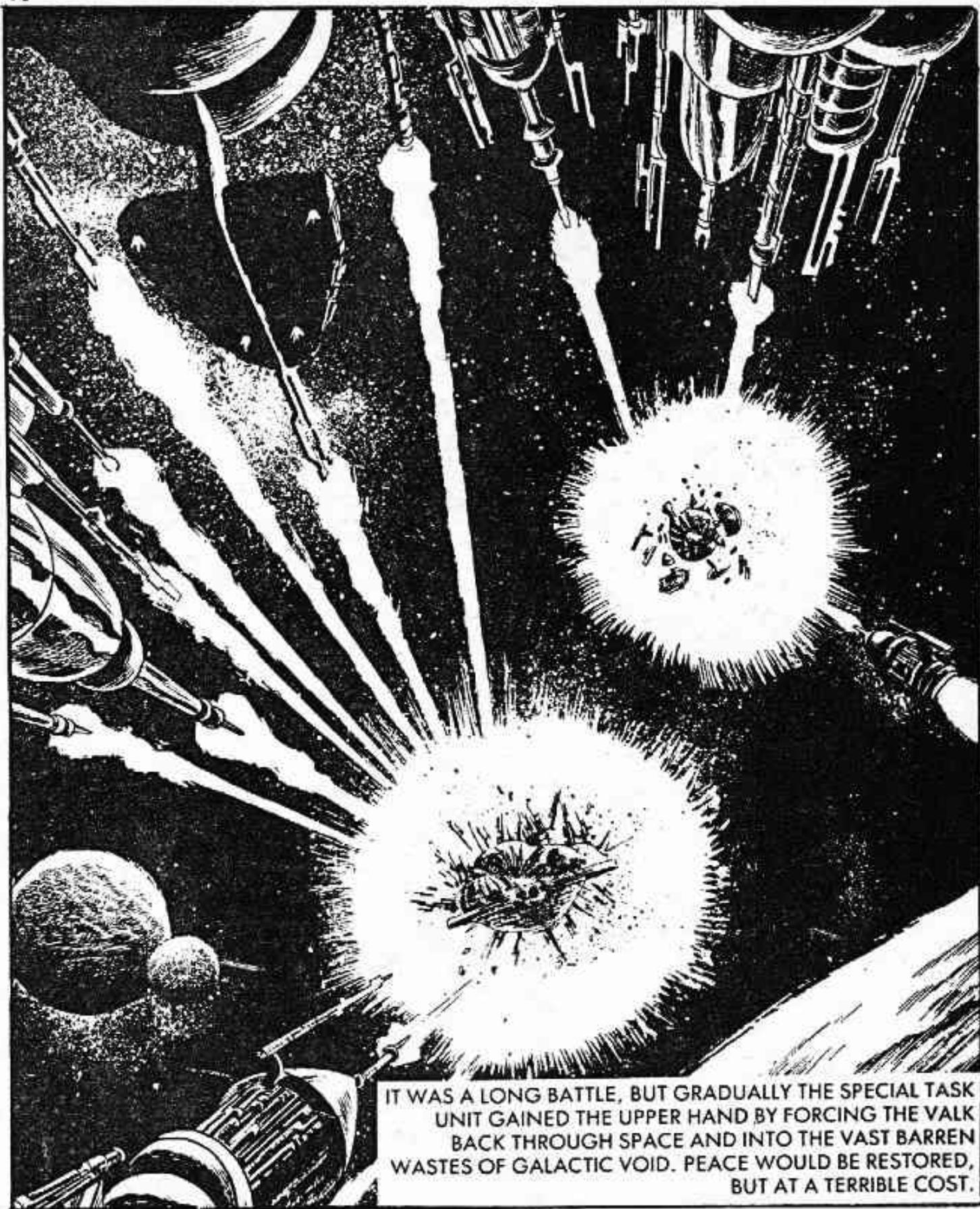
MILLIONS OF TONS OF WATER ERUPTED INTO THE SKIES AS THE VESSEL FINALLY DESTRUCTED—



IT RUSHED DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE ENGULFING THE REMAINING VALK AS THEY TRIED TO
STORM THE CAVES.







IT WAS A LONG BATTLE, BUT GRADUALLY THE SPECIAL TASK UNIT GAINED THE UPPER HAND BY FORCING THE VALK BACK THROUGH SPACE AND INTO THE VAST BARREN WASTES OF GALACTIC VOID. PEACE WOULD BE RESTORED, BUT AT A TERRIBLE COST.

eldubya/iodinepri

DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S OTHER

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES NO. 156

24p



MORE THAN A ROBOT! MORE THAN A KILLING MACHINE! IT WAS

THE SIGMA WARRIOR

AND IT WAS MAD.

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STARBLAZER'S

GUIDE TO THE SPACEMEN

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A Polish Lieutenant Colonel, Miroslaw Hermaszewski, 36, of the airforce left from a USSR base on June 27, 1978 and stayed aloft in Soyuz 30 for 22 hours 4 minutes.

